

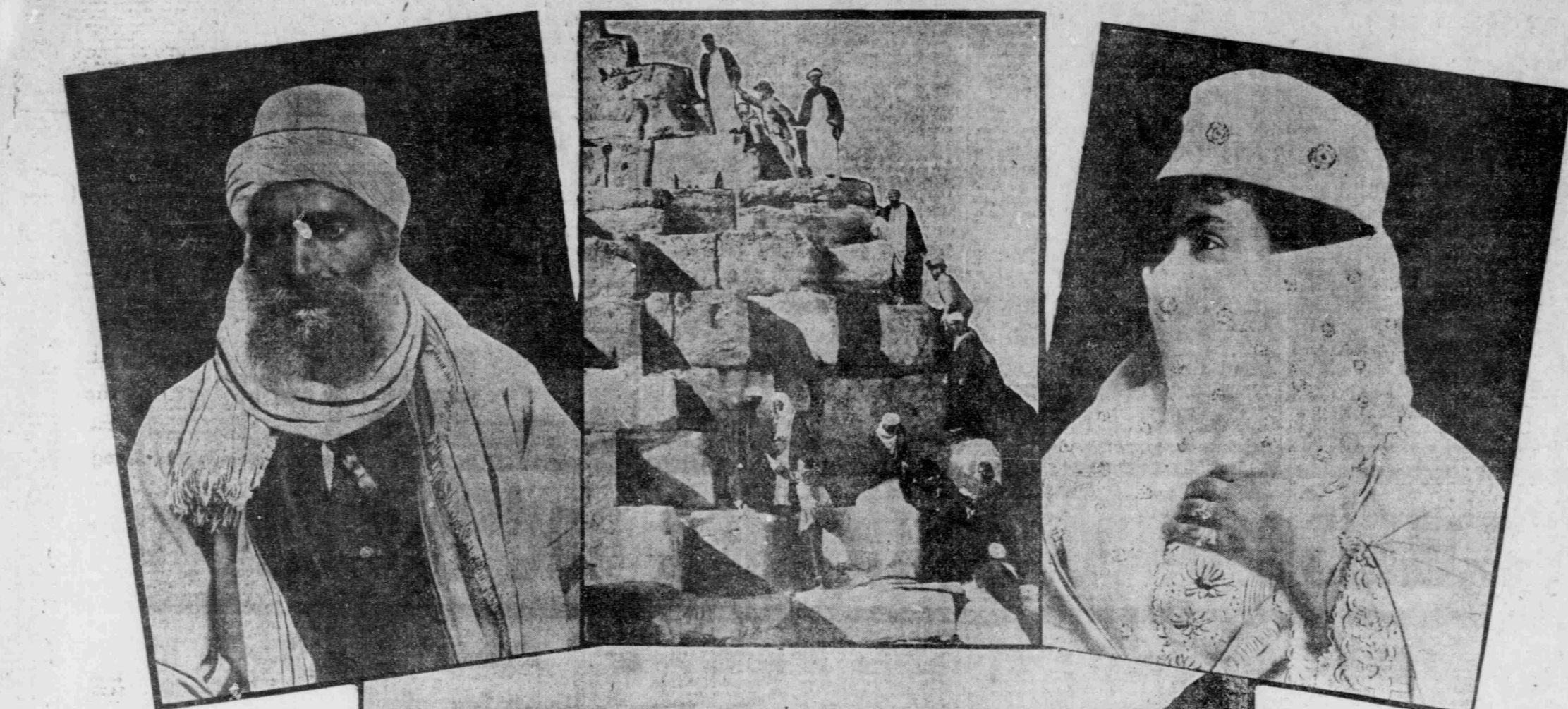
The Storied Land of the Nile

By Frederic J. Haskin

He Scorns the Christian.

Climbing the Pyramids.

An Egyptian Beauty.



CAIRO—The very name of this old metropolis of the African continent is alluring. Since expositions became the fashion, one of their standard attractions has been the "Streets of Cairo." This may consist merely of a mangy camel, a few disreputable dancing girls (from the bawery or elsewhere), and some leather-lunged Arab musicians, but the minute their ear-splitting "music" begins its siren call the crowd gathers. As an attraction Cairo is a winner both at home and abroad. It has that peculiar quality which professional showmen call drawing power. Although it is a long way from the United States to Egypt, fully half the winter throng of tourists to the Nile country are Americans.

No traveler considers that he is a graduate in sight-seeing until he has seen the broken-nosed Sphinx staring across the desert in its age-long vigil, or look upon the wrinkled faces of Ramses and the other Pharaohs, brought from their ancient tombs to preside over the distinguished company of mummies in the national museum. It is so nothing to say that you have been to the valley where Moses was found in the bulrushes, and that you have seen the ruins of Memphis, the most ancient city of the world. Cairo is the scene of many events described in the Bible, and characters similar to those you read about in the Scriptures may be seen in its streets every day.

Parade of Bible Characters.

There are old men dressed in the attire of Abraham, scribes with reed pens in their girdles, types of scowling Pharisees, and outcast Jews. A drive in the suburbs is like looking through a book of old Bible prints. One sees the shepherd tending his flock, and desert chieftains mounted on swaying camels, like the Wise men who journeyed to Bethlehem to see the infant Christ. Straight, graceful women wearing loose gowns and black veils go down to the watering places with earthen jars upon their heads; and the stranger wonders if unknowingly he is passing the way that Joseph and Mary went in their memorable flight from the wrath of Herod.

A chair on one of the hotel verandas is like a reserved seat for a review of a congress of nations. In half an hour representatives of a score of races will pass, babbling in their myriad tongues and flaunting most all the garbs that men have ever worn. There are chattering Frenchmen, savage looking Turks, and lordly Bedouins who carry themselves with much disdain. There are black Nubians, swarthy Italians, and the ever-important Englishman. Moslem, Jew, Gentile—all are here. It is a procession of all types and all creeds. Where else is there such a blending of the children of the earth?

A Tangle in the Law.

The presence of so many different nationalities in Egypt has created a legal situation so unusual that it is the cause of both amusement and perplexity to the most profound students of international law. Thirteen European powers and the United States maintain what is known as the international courts, for the purpose of adjudicating actions which involve the property rights or well-being of the citizens of any of these countries. This extraordinary procedure removes the foreigner from all responsibility to Egyptian law, and gives him greater rights in the country than the inhabitant thereof. No agent of the Egyptian government is permitted to enter any foreigner's door unless requested to do so. If an Italian entices an Egyptian into his back yard and murders him he is responsible only to the Italian Consul. The Egyptian police cannot arrest an English smuggler nor raid a gambling house conducted by a Frenchman.

Egypt is a nominal province of the Ottoman Empire, and therein lies the explanation for this anomaly in the law. According to Mohammedan reckoning the people of the world are divided into two parts: the superior element of those who belong to the house of Islam; the inferior portion including all those outside of it. From the earliest time Mohammedan policy has been to conquer or collect tribute from all unbelievers. Finding he could neither convert nor subdue the whole mass of infidels, the Turk astutely recognized that he must do business with them.

Moslem Wants to Trade.

He could not make treaties because these agreements are in the nature of a covenant between equals, and no Moslem ruler could possibly deal with a Christian on a basis of equality, so there he was astride the horns of the dilemma. How could he enter into relations with the Christ-

ian traders without compromise? Could not the Sultan, the first sovereign of the earth, grant favors to his inferiors? Why, to be sure he could! And he did. So the Christian was given entire to Moslem soil without being made amenable to its authority, and this without any reciprocal favors being asked. Thus the foreigner in Cairo has no fear of the tax collector or the sheriff. He can gamble, fight, commit fraud, or scandalize society in any way without fear of molestation from the local minions of the law.

But in granting these immunities the Sultan made it apparent that he was merely bestowing favors upon his inferiors. The wording of his concessions leaves no room to doubt this, for in these he is referred to as "The Sultan of Glorious Sultans, Emperor of Powerful Emperors, Distributor of Crowns to Those Seated upon Thrones, The Asylum of Justice, The Fount of Happiness, etc., etc." If all this included in a state document is not enough to make the Emperor of Germany feel like a second-rate monarch, or the President of the United States a small-try statesman, there is no use in trying to employ words to convey the impression.

Was Cleopatra a Half-Caste?

The conversation of the throngs in the hotel corridors skims along the surface of present hour events, and delves deep into the dim and distant past. Two Philadelphia girls are gossiping about Alice Roosevelt's engagement, while an Englishman and an Athenian are having a lively dispute as to whether Cleopatra was a Nubian or a Greek. One believes that the famed enchantress was a half-caste, but the other contends that she was a pure-blooded Ptolemy. After much argument, and citation from many authorities, they leave this mooted question in doubt. But they agree that the fairest of queens could hardly have met her death from the sting of an asp, as is popularly supposed. Why should she employ such an unusual agency to destroy herself when she was so well versed in the use of poison? Besides, she was too vain to commit suicide in any manner that would impair her marvelous beauty. This is something for student of history to remember.

Books Used for Fuel.

But Egypt was again over-run by invaders and its library was burned the second time. When Omar took the country in the seventh century his first act was to declare that man had need for no more knowledge than the Koran contained, therefore all other books were only in way. So he ordered the contents of the library to be used as fuel. Think of

The Broken-Nosed Sphinx.

It! For six months nothing but books and manuscripts were used in the furnaces of the 4,000 public baths in the city. In this time over 700,000 volumes were destroyed, many of them never to be replaced. Literature never sustained a more serious loss than was imposed upon it by this wanton act.

One of the first conclusions made by the visitor to Cairo is that the majority of the male population are either guides or vendors to tourist patron-



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MIDDLE-AGED MEN. There are many troubled with loss of sexual power, too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctor will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs. Consultation free. Send for Question List, free.

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Corner Main and Third South streets, St. Elmo Hotel.

ence that it half spoils the pleasure of the trip. The government should clean out these brazen rowdies and put uniformed attendants in charge. The Oriental peddler has no sense of congruity, and won't take no for an answer. The news-boy will follow after a man trying to talk him into buying a paper though he may have a copy of the same edition in his hand. The vendor seems to think that he can sell anything if he argues long enough. One of them explains why you should buy a lizard; another expounds on your need of a mouse trap; and still another is ready to complete your education by giving you a course in sleight of hand. "What, don't want to do tricks? Why, everyone should do tricks. They are diverting." Then the wild grafter proceeds to divert. When you move off he gathers up his greasy traps with a sad air as if grieving over your lack of appreciation.

How Beggars are Made.

The tourists have scattered money right and left among the people of Egypt until they have created a class of professional mendicants. This practice is corrupting in the extreme. Even the dance of the dervishes, an old religious rite, is only given now for the profit derived from spectators paying to see the exhibition. Residents along the Nile found they could make more money by dogging the footsteps of sightseers than by attending to their work. Consequently many of them who were formerly industrious have become worthless vagabonds. The Egyptian government has posted notices everywhere requesting travelers to refrain from giving money to anyone. Persons will frequently throw pennies to children just for the fun of seeing them scramble, but even this innocent practice if indulged in regularly will create the beggar instinct and cause degrading results.

One of the most picturesque sights that even picturesque Egypt has to offer is the procession that is formed when the Holy Carpet is dispatched to Mecca. Thousands of devout followers of the prophet assemble in front of the citadel to participate in the ceremony that takes place before the pilgrim caravan starts across the desert. This richly woven carpet is a gift of the Sultan. It is taken to the Holy City and exposed in the mosque for a year in order that it may become impregnated with holiness. So great is the belief in the virtue of this object that little fragments of it are treasured by people as charms against all evil influ-

ence. When a new one is dispatched each year the people press forward eagerly to touch the gaudy covering on the camel which bears it. The Khedive is always present at the ceremony and throws new coins to the throng when he gives the leader of the caravan their final instructions concerning the care they must take to preserve the safety of their valued charge. It costs the Egyptian government fifty thousand dollars to transport each carpet back and forth between Cairo and Mecca.

The Taste of Nile Water.

An old Arab proverb says that "he who has once tasted the water of the Nile longs for it evermore," and it is true that those who have the travel habit find Egypt calling to them again and again. The warm, pure air is a better tonic than any medicine, and the charm of this rare old land fastens itself upon all who visit it. The journey may be long, but there is compensation in the knowledge that Napoleon, Herodotus, and even Ramses have been before you to marvel at the origin of the inscrutable Sphinx, and to wonder at the folly of him who raised here in the desert the towering shapes of the pyramids. Travelers of all ages and all races have joined in the pilgrimage to Egypt. The parents of the Savior came here for safety, the ancient scholars to study, the medieval warriors to plunder, and now the modern tourist invades the old soil to recuperate and make merry.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"To decide a bet," said Mr. Vox Populi, entering the editorial sanctum, "will you tell me what the mean temperature was on this day five years ago?"

"There are the files," said the editor, "look it up. Well, did you find what you wanted?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why, it's given there, all right."

"I know it is, but it's not what I wanted. I lose."

GOLF AND MATRIMONY.

(Harper's Weekly.)

As an illustration of the enthusiasm with which golf is pursued by its votaries the following anecdote is told of a well-known Scotch author and a young friend of his. The two had spent the whole day on the links, and had had some close and exciting matches. As they left for home the elder man remarked:

"Do you think you could play again tomorrow, lad?"

"Well," answered the youth, "I was to be married tomorrow, but I can put it off."

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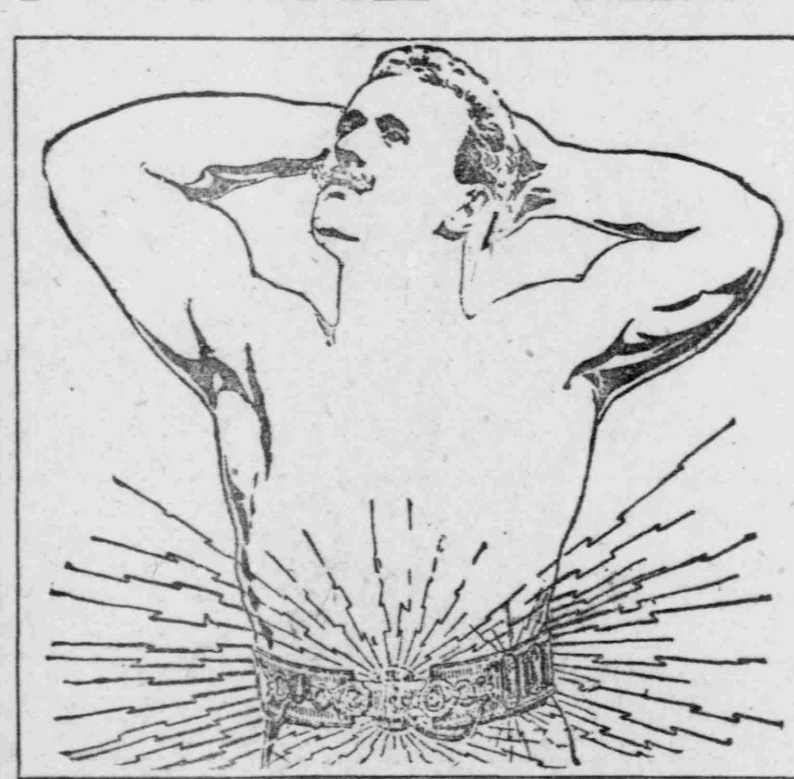
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It is hard for a weak man to have noble sentiments. Such things are born of warm blood, healthy nerves and a strong heart. Every weak man wants to feel young again! To realize the joyous sparkle of nerve life as it infuses the body with its glowing vitality; to feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youthful energy; to be happy, light-hearted and full of joyous impulses; to be free from spells of despondency, from brain wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and women! Such is the wish of the broken down man, and it may be gratified.

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Makes men noble; it causes the nerves to tingle with the joyful exhilaration of youth; it fills the heart with a feeling of gladness, makes everything look bright and makes the nerves like bars of steel.

It is a wonderful renewer of the vigor of men. Its touch is the touch of magnetism. It charges the body with a grand force of vitalizing energy, and turns back the hand of time for men who have begun to feel old, broken down and feeble.

It does this while you sleep, by pouring electricity, which is nature's energy, into your nerves and blood. Electricity is life to the vital parts; when they are weak it will make them strong.

Dr. McLaughlin, Dear Sir:

You wish to know if your Belt has cured me. I must say that it has, the lame back that I used to be taken down with every little while, and which was gradually getting more painful, has left me completely some time since. Now I can lift even a heavy weight and feel no effects of the strain. Just as I have told dozens of my friends and neighbors, I will say to you—that I would rather sacrifice \$500 than give up my Belt. But people are so hard to convince! I am sending you today the name of a friend who, a short time ago, sent for me to come over and see him. I found him a very sick man, told him of the help your Belt had been to me, and wanted him to get one. But he had seen a cheap eastern Belt advertised and decided to send for it. He had the usual experience, received a cheap, shoddy-looking affair that burned him and finally gave out altogether. Now, he is willing to send for one of your make. I and my wife have given your Belt a good test and must say that we both feel fine. We would never be without a Belt, whether we have constant use for it or not. A Belt is far ahead of a medicine chest for use in a home. Gratefully yours, JOHN C. SCHMIDT.

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